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EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Charles L. Moon
Editor



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A PICTURE OF SOME CHRIS- TIAN MOTHERS

BY JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

The one thing that preachers harp
on is that "Christianity alone has ele-
vated woman." Its teaching is dis-
cussed in woman's conduct until she con-
siders it a crime to do it. The
household slave at the broom closet, or
wash-tub who never sees a cent of
wages that all this sacrifice is a Chris-
tian duty. The woman who bears a child
every year or so, possibly by a
brutal traitor, and keeps and
supports the home, is taught that it is
"bounden duty" to multiply and repopulate the earth,
whether she is willing or whether
she is able. The woman who not
only bears children, but also
supports the home, is taught that
self-sacrifice is the greatest womanly
virtue.

The woman whose sweetest and most
valuable feelings are crushed by the
toll that slavery exacts is evidence
of the model Christian woman.

And so the marital slave, and house-
hold drudge, and the widow and sold
woman, are all taught to view the Chris-
tian virtues of abstinence and submission.
Each village and neighborhood has
its martyrs to these Christian tenets,
and these women are the mothers of the
mental dwarfs that crowd the Chris-
tian countries, yet we pride to intrude
upon the Oriental nannies because of
our superiority. To-day in Austria,
one of the most intensely Christian
countries, peasant women and moth-
ers of large families are being tracked
the railroad from Vienna to Salz-
burg. These women are enslaved by
the Austrian State Railroad depart-
ment. They are packed in the
stock cars, and are crowded with

straggling children, and
up of embankments in wheelbarrows.
Today women are carrying on their
back the stones and mortar for the
new railroad station at Nuremberg.
And they are to do this for the
like religion, and the country women
with priests, yet not one of them has
ever protested against women being
used as beasts of burden. Church
and State are the same in Austria,
and they see to it that women
bear all the children. Nature will per-
mit, and work them like the brutes
of the field.

The negroes are the most religious
people in the United States. Out-
side of rank barbarism are there such
solemn demands made upon human
beings as upon the negro women of
the most intensely Christian commu-
nities in the United States. They
are once child bearers and burden bear-
ers.

The pay they receive is not enough
to keep them in working order and
often the miserable pitiable paid
them for their labor is demanded of
them by brutal or drunken hus-
bands, while the support of their num-
erous progeny falls on the mothers.
The average negro woman, either
cooks or washes for white families.
She lives in a hut in the slums of the
city or town, with few or no comforts.
She bears children as often as nature
will permit, and her wretched cabin
swarms with her miserable offspring.
Yet through heat and cold, sunshine
and storm she leaves her own chil-
dren, often without food, to go to the
house of the whites to cook their pitiful
meals, and render the lowliest
menial service to Christian families,
and then we wonder why the
Christian duty by paying her the min-
utest sum of five or six dollars per
month for her labor. Her ragged hun-
gry children await her at home, and
more often than otherwise a tyrant
beats of a husband demands and re-
tains wages from her. The negro wo-
men are also the prey of the preach-
ers of their race. Thus the ignorant
creatures are robbed by their em-
ployers, and then we wonder why
they have so many negro criminals.
There is nothing in Christian civiliza-
tion so wrong, trampled upon and
outraged as motherhood, and nothing
so cheap. After the pains of travail
Christianity does not allow a woman
to own her own body, or the offspring
of her body. Negro women are ac-
cused of being dishonest by their
white employers. Whose fault is it?
If the woman had living wages and
had not so many land pirates preying
upon her, she might be at least as

as her employer (and that is
nothing much). If I had a house full
of hungry children, and had to neg-
lect them, and slave for 5 or 6 dol-
lars a month, I would consider it a
greater virtue to steal food for my
starving children than getting religion
and being baptized.

The traffic in women in Europe and
the United States is appalling. The
civilized world is profoundly stirred
at the revelations regarding the traf-
fic in women at the recent congress
held in Paris, France, and so terrible
are conditions that another congress
is to be held at Frankfurt-on-the-
main, in October. It has developed
that the traffic in women is as well
organized as was the trade in negro
slaves in the past. Italy, Spain, Ger-
many, Austria, Greece, England, the
United States and South American
countries are engaged in it and have
their bureaus of distribution, agents,
and price lists. These countries are
the strongholds of Christianity. In
addition to this organized traffic in
women, the highways and byways of
Christian lands are lined with broth-
els and foundling asylums.

Christian society stamps the fallen
woman as the outcast of a system
where male chastity is almost un-
known, yet the church says not a
word in regard to all these actual
conditions, but boldly claims that
"Christianity elevates woman."

The truth is Christianity itself has
never done anything for woman but
to enslave her body and mind, and
down her to silence, and it never will,
for the cornerstone of the system is
the subjection of the mothers of the
race.

The mental and moral fiber of so-
ciety cannot be improved as long as
women are required to be beasts of
burden, involuntary mothers, and
dupes of priests.

The children of the Austrian wo-
man who build railroads or reap
the harvest in the fields for little or
no pay, emigrate to the United
States and betake themselves to crime.

The children of the negro woman
who are the victims of Christian society,
crowd into our courts and prisons,
and we ascribe their criminal ten-
dencies to all kinds of causes except
the true one, yet the church and society
can easily find the true cause by look-
ing for it.

If we had pictures of some of our
types of Christian motherhood hung
upon the walls of churches and court-
rooms instead of scriptures, the
might be such strong object lessons
as to create a revolution. On the
whole it might seem more important
to any country to have a race of no-
ble and grand mothers, than to
decorate it with railroads, ornament
it with splendid churches, or
spread royal feasts.

Beside these types of Christian
motherhood mentioned there are num-
erous others varying only in degree.
The widow's mite is one of the
trump cards of the pulpit and it is
played for all it is worth. The church
asks for, and accepts all services,
and all contributions from the poor-
est and most oppressed classes of
women. The widow lay her mite on
the "altar of the Lord" and the sac-
rifices and suffering of the widow to
obtain the mite is never thought of
so it is landed safely in the collection
box. The women of wealth who are
at ease in Zion are another type of
Christian mothers. They do not bear
so many children as the woman of
poor classes, neither do they suffer
and sacrifice as much, but they
own the same load of cruelty their
poorer sisters do, the belief that
Christianity has elevated them to the
position they occupy. Take from the
old woman her luxuries surrounding
herself for her by the exercise of in-
telligence and plant energy and all
the Christianity in Christendom can-
not save her from joining the vast
army of drudges who are today the
vermin of the labor market. The
intelligence, religion, and the evils of
superstition mourn when one woman
discovers that Christianity is her en-
emy, instead of her friend as she has
been taught.

Neither men nor women are eth-
ical poets, nor trained thinkers, but
they are both very weak and very
erring creatures and Christianity for
its own interest has bound them up
with solemn vows, and laid them
down with strict obligations.
The comparison of the condition of
heathen and Christian women is
used as proof that "Christianity alone
elevates woman." The truth is, the
heathen women are enslaved, their
condition is not so bad as it is paint-
ed, and the condition of Christian wo-

men is not so elevated as it is paint-
ed. There is a vast amount of meth-
od in the conduct of Christians.

Chapel echoes, and pulpit catch-
words serve to delude, but they do not
always convey the truth.

No! Christianity has NOT elevated
woman. If it has, why is the world
swarming today with credulous glee-
ing this "labeled person's puppet?"
Why is it that the world is swarming
with the nodules, not one in a thou-
sand and fit for either a husband or a father?

Women must be rescued from su-
perstition to bear sages, or a race of
bored and mental heres.

Woman has the power to liberate
Reason, and thought of the highest
racial promise of the world. Will
she do it?

Let us range before her mental
vision the pictures of women of Chris-
tendom, and ask herself if the "Chris-
tian elevation" of woman is all it is
painted to appear by the clergy.

Was the world as long as priest-
craft trades on the heart of woman.
That heart with its strength and
weakness, its hopes, its fears, its
desires, its aspirations, and woe too
to Christianity, when the times ar-
rive for it to reckon with woman's
awakened intellect and reason.
Versailles, Kentucky.

PRISONERS OF FATE

By Josephine K. Henry.

The sun looks down on many weary
hearts,
Though earth is gilded with its radi-
ant light;

But shadows dark and
Fall on the lives of prince and wail
alike,
And strife and poverty shut out the
light.

It is more sad than feeble words can
tell
How many weary feet pursue life's
way,
With piercing thorns in every step
they take,
While long prostrate and cold

They stare
What fates are so relentless to poor help-
less ones
And pray? That abyss of the race
That glows or pale!

Finds joy in adding pains to suffer-
ing,
And strives the last faint lingering
breath to efface,
How many million prisoners rise each
morn
And go with heavy hearts to thank-
less task;

Each chained for life to penury and
toll,
To earn the bread that helpless chil-
dren ask.

How many souls life's burden can not
bear,
And drag to drown its woes in mad-
dening drink;

With brain on fire
Sink down to lowest depths of want
and crime
And drag both wife and children to
the brink
Of deep despair, where haunting spec-
ters loom;

And all the right they have is but to
live
And linger on, thus doomed by cruel
fate
To give their all, and helpless they
must give.

How many million women clank their
chains,
Which have been riveted by greed of
gold,
Left helpless mutes.

Slaves most abject to lusts of fallen
men,
Until naught to be either bought or
sold,
They're turned drift, with helpless
children, too,
To suffer pangs of penury and despair,
Dumb victims, forced to endure life's
bitter woe.

Nor look for hope or comfort any-
where.

How many prisoners on beds of suf-
fering lie,
Who know the racking bondage will
ne'er end,
Deliverance come,
Till brain, and heart, and nerve can
bear no more,
And death's keen shaft doth dash and
spirit rend
And round these pain-racked prison-
ers watch and wait
Thousands of anxious loved ones sight
and day,
Till naught is left them, but an empty
shrine,

LINCOLN'S VOICE TO-DAY

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me,
and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of
war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in
high places will follow, and the money power of the country will en-
deavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people
until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic
is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of our
country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my
forebodings may be groundless."

"Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a refuge from the
power of the people. In my present position I could scarcely be just-
ified were I to omit to raise a warning voice against the approach of re-
turning despotism. It is not indeed nor fitting here that a general ar-
gument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is
one point with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to
which I ask brief attention. It is assumed that labor is available only
in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else
owns capital, somehow by the use of it, induces him to labor. Labor is
prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor,
and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the
superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. I
BID THE LABORING PEOPLE BEWARE OF SURRENDERING THE
POWER WHICH THEY POSSESS, and which, if surrendered, will
surely be used to shut the door of advancement for such as they, and
the new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be
lost."

"In the early days of our race the Almighty said to the first of
mankind, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and since
then, if we except the light and air of heaven, no good thing has been
or can be enjoyed by us without having cost labor. And inasmuch as
most good things have been produced by labor, it follows that all such
things belong of right to those whose labor has produced them. But it
has so happened in all ages of the world, that some have labored,
and others have, without labor, enjoyed a large portion of the fruits.
This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the
whole product of his labor, as nearly as possible, is a worthy object
of any government."

"It seems strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's
assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces."
"This country with its institutions belong to its people who in-
habit it."
(These are Abraham Lincoln's own inimitable words, in his Mes-
sage to Congress, 1861, and in a letter to a friend, now in possession
of a Maine physician.)

MR. HENRY'S NEW PAMPHLET.

The pamphlet "Marriage and Di-
vorce," written by Josephine K.
Henry, and published by James K.
Henderson, Lexington, Ky.

It is a pamphlet of an extraordinary demand.
Mrs. Henry, who is handling the en-
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and small orders from all sections and
from all classes of people. The leg-
islative season being on in many
states, many orders are being receiv-
ed from lawyers and legislators, who
have introduced bills relating to Mar-
riage or Divorce. An Ex-Governor,
one of the best lawyers and all upon
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"the pamphlet covers with rare ability
and tact the whole field of the vital
question, and its strong arguments
should be made before all legislative
committees, having such bills in
charge."

A movement is on foot to supply
each of the members of several state
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women as well as men are ordering
it, and repeating the order to send to
friends. Actual conditions in every
community are forcing people to think
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HAPPINESS

An essay read at the Oregon (III) Literary Contest, April 23, by Otto Wettstein

Grand and sublime are the possibilities within reach of man. The true Lord of Creation," he alone is capacitated—upon this world of beauty and of grandeur, of sunshine and of love—to fully appreciate and deeply to revel in the bliss of his magnificent environment. He alone is endowed, with senses so acute and a mind so profound as to duly estimate the sublimity of his position and good fortune, which favor him with vast superiority, and many grand prerogatives destined to the loved order of the animate world. He alone enjoys the possession of faculties which enable him to infer and logically to deduce that he has—whatever his lot in life—infinite occasion to rejoice and to be happy, and to fully appreciate the propitious conditions surrounding him, all tending to transform life into elysian bliss.

Human life is—as it were—poised upon a well adjusted balance, reposing on the one side joy, on the other grief. Woe to him who will permit the latter to outweigh peace and happiness! 'Twere better indeed than such a one had never been born.

The solution to this seemingly complex and profound problem of life, may be found in the simple law of nature that "in the practice of virtue alone is found true happiness." Nothing else is needed, establish this proposition let the world follow its just postulates, and vice and misery war and desolation, and anguish and tears will vanish from the face of the earth!

All our actions, all our motives, are prompted by the intense desire to be happy. Happiness—this magic word—defines the one grand object, and aim of every human life. It is the ardent aspiration of the good and the covered talisman of the bad. It is the star of hope all seek through life—the paradise all long to enter at its close. It is the great final goal all are desirous to reach—the sparkling pinnacle of this grand and arduous temple of life, beckoning with its enticing splendor all to enter its sacred portals, and upon whose altar all most fervently aspire to invoke their supplications.

It is more than this: It is the very foundation of the social structure, the life and breath of humanity, and the vital spark which with its intense power electrifies into a glowing health the vast majority of the human race.

Aye, it is more even than all this! It alone makes life, in its continuity, possible. It is the subtle element which first caused animal life from its primary stages to evolve to its present sublime altitude of human perfection, and the potential motor which now insures the perpetuity of the race and prevents the degeneration and final extinction of man.

Happiness is to the mind, what perfect health is to the body—a condition of prosperity, buoyancy, thrift, success, a grand consummation of all that is glorious, excellent and exhilarating in life. The great end and aim of an "Omniscient Creator"—if there is one—is and must be achieved, in beholding his creatures enjoy the loftiest and purest degree of transcendent happiness.

Happiness is grace, wealth, a treasure, a great fortune, according to us an object in life and a motive making life emphatically worth living for.

Finally it is the grand reward—the just compensation for all the necessary life of life; the palm which makes life tolerable—a condition of peace for the pure and good.

And without happiness what indeed were life? Without sensations of joy and pleasure, without emotions of felicity and bliss, without frolic and laughter, without the moderate indulgences which gratify our appetites, vanity, ambition, curiosity, etc., without love and reciprocal love, without these happy hours of recreation and festivity, so exhilarating to the body and mind, which all alike—both rich and poor—may indulge in, without those precious moments devoted to art, music or literature when the intellect—inspired by the genius of the world—may soar to heights of undimmed bliss; without all these—and many more of the grand prerogatives within our reach—what indeed, were life good for?

The Lord Making Adam in His Own Image.



his more ignorant and unfortunate brother, unnoticed—unappreciated. The beautiful landscape, the placid sea, the stately oak, the music of the winged songsters, the lovely spring time, the birth and unfolding of shrub and flower, the grandeur of a starry night, the bewildering panorama of the heavenly bodies into endless infinity, the enchanting moonlight transposing our world into a wondrous fairy scene, the tempest and lightning, the roar of thunder and the fury of the waves; all these things to the appreciative mind, make life attractive and fascinating and liftime the world in beauty and glory.

Again, the possession of health, the love of a true friend, the love of "a one and a dearer one still," the love of home—"the ever so homelike"—and prosperity and affection of our children, the study of human character as we journey through life, a free press, free speech, free schools and all the rights conferred upon us by a grand and free government—all these advantages should be the occasion of daily rejoicing and continuous happiness to all!

But, alas, for the frailty of human nature! How many of us who are favored with an abundance of all to cheer our path through life, pluck from the richly laden tree the golden fruit of our reach? Has not habit and continuous indifference deadened our sense of appreciation of all these blessings, and—seeking new joys, building new castles in Utopia—do we not exhaust our energies in pursuit of future happiness, at the sacrifice of the great wealth in our possession?

How many of us cannot now recall the happy days in years gone by with mingled emotions of joy and sadness with joy because of the truly golden hours then experienced with industry, beauty, love, peace and plenty, all conducive to true and unalloyed happiness, and prone to indulgence in dreams of felicity and bliss? Or did we well alike blind—permit these grand opportunities to flit by unnoticed—unappreciated, as the grand melodies of a Beethoven fall upon the deadened sense of the dumb?

If there is any time in life when all are nearest the highest standard of happiness which it is possible for mortals to enjoy, it is during those precious hours described so enthusiastically by Schiller in his "Song of the Bell."

Oh tender longing, sweetest hope! The golden time of love's first kiss! The joy beholds the heavens open. Oh heart too reveling in bliss; Oh would that golden time had been But child in spring's eternal green.

The sublime and exalted emotions are indeed possibly only to the appreciative mind of pure man and womanhood. As beautiful flowers breathe sweet fragrance to gladden our hearts, so the good and virtuous enjoy a peerless and transcendental degree of happiness and impart the same to all who may be so fortunate as to bask in the sunshine of their gladness, entirely unknown and impossible to the wretched votaries of vice. As pain

is the violation of the laws of our physical being, so the practice of crime and vice will result in misery and wretchedness. As health is the necessary result of harmonious conditions of body and life—so happiness is the grand fruition of true and noble thoughts and deeds.

Love, the highest possible manifestation of human felicity, is the precious reward only of mutual goodness, honor, virtue and chastity. Only in the rich and precious soil of human excellence can it flourish and exist. Vice and immorality necessarily extinguish the last spark of love. It is a natural instinct within us, that we do not desire to love, and in proportion as we manifest these debasing qualities, will we first lose our own happiness and happiness, and then the respect and love also of those with whom we come in contact. As it is impossible for pain to impart happiness, so it is impossible to love that which injures us—to love that which is odious and vile.

Behold Charity and Virtue! Where is the artist, among the great sea of humanity which encircles the globe, the seeker so sublime—who, upon the canvas or from the block of purest alabaster, can transform an image of such scarpable beauty, as to emulate, or even approach these peerless attributes?

Behold the honest man! In broadcloth or rags—in palace or cot—what matters his station, his brawny skin, his humble profession?—where the diamond so brilliant, the light so radiant, the pearl so precious, the precious gleam from the eye of an honest man?

You will say, however, "honesty too often goes begging and virtue without bread; while dishonesty and vice may lead to luxury and happiness." Alas! but appearances are a deceitful guide. The tears of honest hunger are a greater source of happiness than all the seeming pleasures of the dishonest Croesus. Dishonesty and happiness are antipodes, as antagonistic as fire and water, and as the former takes possession of an individual, the latter vanishes before its conquering foot.

There is one treasure within reach of us all, my friends, one source of infinite sublime degree of happiness, inalienable within us, and which can never be taken from us, and that is to be honest, true, virtuous—and thus happy—all the time. This treasure is greater than all the gold of the universe and life itself, as thousands of instances recorded by history may prove. Martyrs among Jews and Gentiles, among Heavens and Christians alike, have suffered all the tortures of a fathomless ingenuity, yet heroically would not sacrifice their honor to power, life, liberty, wealth and to be restored to a long life of happiness among their loved ones. No! They demanded a freedom of conscience, the privilege to live an honest life and speak their honest thought, this prerogative and exalted degree of happiness they would and did not sacrifice for life and fortune.

This seems strange to us who live in an age when it is said "all have their price"—who can hardly realize this grand mental condition, yet its reality must be acknowledged. It seems to be a superhuman attribute, yet fully and truly human—while in itself is of so much greater importance

and value than all else, that all treasures and joys outside of it are but like phantoms and dreams.

That it is almost impossible for us to ascend to this sublime degree of moral excellence I admit, and neither is it necessary, yet I think I have established the proposition that as we approach, this sublime standard of morality, so will be the degree of our happiness.

To analyze the different phases of human joys and woes would fill a volume, yet I must call your attention to a few of the various exhibitions of human character all prompted by the same intense pursuit of happiness. See the poor drunkard seek his goal in the scamping draught which cheap intoxicates, then kills! The thief in the cold which to him is really base and contemptible! The murderer in the gratification to revenge his supposed insulted sense of honor, thus fully proving that he has none! The libertine in debauchery—thus casting continuous and true happiness and all which makes him truly noble from him. The liar and swindler, who by betraying his friends and creditors for financial gain, is thus doomed to disgrace and ever shunned by honest men!

The reasons for the crime and consequent wretchedness of all these poor deluded creatures may be found in their supreme ignorance! They have yet to learn the simple A B C of the great moral law and philosophy, which is, that true happiness is only found in virtue and honor, and in the degree as we contribute to the happiness of others. The wealth they thus dishonestly acquire is but the ignis fatuus which will illumine the way to their terrible destruction! The happiness they strive to and do obtain is but a tinsel and a snare! The gratification of their appetites but a wallowing in the mire of beastly indulgence! Their expressions of love but hypocrisy and disgust, and their abode indeed the "foe's paradise!" Were they but truly wise, the drunkard would find true happiness in abstinence or moderation; the thief in rather parting with his last dollar than to steal one; the murderer in a grand and noble manhood, who, like Titton, in sublime and stoical magnanimity forgives that crime which of all it is most painful to forgive and forget; the debauchee in the holy presence of a true and faithful wife. Thus also the assassin who avenges his creditors, does not know that in so doing he defrauds himself of that greatest of earthly treasures, the name and happiness of an honest man!

True it often happens that a person once convicted of crime is again reformed into good society, and for one would be the first to propitiate the offense of an unfortunate brother or sister have for true manhood and pardon them—that that profound respect we have for true manhood and pure womanhood we can never, never again entertain for them. And it is this consciousness of honesty, of purity, which casts a halo of light, of brilliancy around a person, and which—wherever we find it—is a greater and higher source of happiness than all else!

My friends, before the first pages of a mighty volume yet turned, the limitation of my time reluctant, I bid me close. Selecting a very

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few of the many practical lessons I intend to submit to you—I must then leave the subject for your own meditation and the problem of life for your own solution.

To be happy then we need but observe the divine moral laws of nature as zealously as we do those of men, and apply to all the various phases of life the greatest possible degree of good sense. The latter will teach us to look upon the bright side of life at all times and that contentment and contentment in adapting our wants to surrounding circumstances are the first great requisite to build life successfully, and this will banish envy, malice, ill-temper, despondency, conquer adversity and triumph in serenity of mind, peace and satisfaction! And this quality of character, these precious hostilities of humanity are the magic rays which—securing to us the precious boon of exalted happiness—then reflect a delectable like blessings among all our associates and loved ones.

Again: Do not seek for happiness in the future, but remember you will probably never be any happier than you are now. Utopian ideas are fraught with great ill, in so much as they rob you of the happiness within your reach. Let now the great present be your watchword; every moment be precious and once lost, is vanished into eternity forever. Be happy now! There is no one here who has not in his long life experienced the joy of a happy condition in life. The very fact of being here proves it. Think of the crippled and blind, of the deaf and dumb, of those racked with pain and fear, and who in vain during the long long dreary night of their agony sigh for but one moment of blessed and luxurious rest; of those millions of city poor who never enjoy the boon of a pure and honest breath; then think of your comforts of life, of your privileges, of your culture, your independence, and your happiness that you can to-day attend a free concert of a free expression of thought, of a free people, in a free country of peace and plenty! Then think of the famine in Ireland, the furies, in China—then think of poor Germany and Russia, whose phantoms of war and blood, now haunt the people and pollute that classical atmosphere where Schiller and Goethe sang songs of love and liberty, and where a million of the tower of manhood are now in a terrible seething arrayed in the line of battle, awaiting but the caprice and command of an unscrupulous tyrant to slay each other and to delude their beautiful fatherland in seas of human blood!

Yes, my friends think of it, and when you realize the comparative favor of a circumstance with which we are all alike surrounded then appreciate it, then be happy! Remember that none so poor, none so unfortunate within reach of my voice but what somewhere upon this globe millions may be found in conditions to which yours in comparison is prosperous and fortunate, and amply propitious

to give you infinite occasion to rejoice and to feel rich and happy as a king. As the diamond reveals its brilliancy only when ground and polished in the mills of the lapidary, so the affliction and tribulations we are subjected to, but develop the loftiest attributes of human character.

That be so, my friends! Do your whole duty, be happy in the consciousness that you mean to do right; then if fortune frowns, find happiness in the golden reward of a true and noble manhood!

My friends, this grand trail of character—this courage, this heroism, this fortitude, this determination to triumph over all the vicissitudes of life, and to seek the means in virtue and in honor is the precious key to the sacred shrine of human happiness. It is a philosophy so plain, so simple, that a child can understand it. If taught in our churches, if taught in our schools, if taught at the fireside—where all yearn for the glorious boon of a happy home—if the great millions in every clime but understood this simple truth that "virtue is its own and immediate reward, and vice its own and inevitable punishment," then the "Utopian age" of universal peace and felicity would indeed dawn upon a world which, but for its ignorance of this simple maxim, to-day might be a "paradise" of continuous joy and happiness for all!

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THE DEATH

And Funeral of Marjorie Fenelone Wilson

BY WALTER HURT.

Sympathy as wide as their measured woes goes out from their countless friends to Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Wilson, in the death of their little daughter and only child, Marjorie, nine years old, victim of that dread scourge of childhood, scarlet fever. The brightest blossom has been plucked from the garden of their lives. At three o'clock the morning of Wednesday, January Tenth, as sweet a spirit as ever tenanted its frail castle of clay, passed from life's lingering embrace into the encompassing arms of the Mighty Mystery.

Our fast friendship prompted Dr. Wilson at once to notify me of the supreme sorrow that had come into his life, and I arose from a bed of sickness to hasten to his home. When I reached his side and clasped his hand, he could only moan his unspeakable misery. His agony was something pitiful to witness, as he knelt in the Gethsemane of an infinite grief. I could only press his hand in silence, and pour the sympathy, I could not express, in all the words I could find, like a strong man bound beneath the weight of such great sorrows, like a storm-stricken oak of the forest.

For myself, I could scarcely realize the truth of the tragedy, even while I stood dumbly in its presence. But a few brief days before, I had seen the winsome little lassie in all the vivacity of her lighthearted youth, white with an engaging smile, she displayed to me, as one of her fondest friends, her avowed treasure of Christmas presents; and as with drooping eyes, I looked down upon the dear dead face of her, who in life had been my pet, I felt for a moment, as if a sweet star had fallen from its shining altitude, as if an exquisite harmony in creation had ceased.

Death is not repellent. But in the young, it is sad—so sad! In the Autumn of Age, when we are weary with the way, and would stop awhile, then death is sweet and serene—we are like ripened leaves that rustle softly to their rest. But in life's season of Spring, death is like a belated frost that cuts down the tender flower while yet it is unfolding; and it is the cruelty of losing this unfulfilled fragrance that makes us so mourn.

But death mirrored no horror in Marjorie's sweet features. Her beautiful head lay pillowed upon blossoms, her face as fair as any flower among them. To me, she looked for all the world like a plucked lily in a cover of roses. And thus shall I always like to think of her.

Marjorie was an unusual child, gifted with many graces of mind and charms of person. She was wise beyond her years—wiser than many who have reached maturity. She entertained always with the brightness of her speech, and always, the strange development of thought in one so young, engendered wonder in the listener. She read understandingly, books that would tax the intelligence of many a grown-up, and she found personal pleasure in their reading. Her remarkable success in her studies made her the special pride of the teachers of her school, from the superintendent down. Almost, it may be said, she was a child with an adult mind. Not only was she a student, but formed her own conclusions—did her own thinking—and more times than I can mention has she surprised me by her measure with her original ideas. She was one of the most natural of readers, and her understanding and interpretation of Shakespearean characters was something remarkable.

The funeral was held at the home at 2:30 o'clock, Thursday afternoon. The address was by Prof. John Burke, a liberal friend of Dr. Wilson's family, and a devoted admirer of Marjorie. Prof. Burke is a noted educator, and superintendent of the Newport, Ky. public schools. He spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF PROF. JOHN BURKE.

Dear Friends:—At the request of her parents, I shall speak a few words over the mortal remains of sweet little Marjorie. We have known her since she first began to prattle on her mother's knee, and when I heard of her death this morning, a pang of grief shot across my heart. In my visits to this home, she always seemed to me like an angel of light and joy. I have sometimes come here with my heart burdened with care, and have felt the load lifted and removed by her innocent and cheery prattle. I express my deepest and most heartfelt sympathy for the parents and all the intimate friends and relatives.

Little Marjorie was a most precocious child. I never saw a brighter child, and I have been closely connected with children all my life. Her power of comprehending the thoughts of great masters of literature and her delight in them were to me something very remarkable. At six and seven years of age, she could read and appreciate Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, the Gray sisters, and other great artists in the realm of thought, feeling, and imagination. She was born with a love for the beautiful in nature, art, and thought, and in the words of the poet Shelley, she always seemed to me to be

"An embodied joy whose race had just begun."

She was the life of the home, the spirit of innocence, purity and love that sent its influence to all who came under the magic power of those heavenly attributes.

My heart bleeds with sorrow for her parents, that no more will they be cheered and charmed and soothed by her innocent and sweet talks and ways in the home circle. I can, myself, feel them more keenly from my own experience of like nature.

In an hour of dependency over her absence, the poet Lowell once wrote, "Not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death," and while in this sad hour this seems true, yet even now there is a balm for this the most bitter of all earthly experiences, a balm that comforts and consoles but cannot heal the wounded spirit.

Our little darling will no more be with us in the body, but her memory will dwell with us as long as our lives last. After the first bitter hours, and days and weeks are past, this memory will steal over our lives like a sweet perfume, and finally when in moments of calm reflection, we come to meditate on the trials and sufferings that fall to the lot of most who live to mature age, we may even feel an unexpressed and inexpressible joy, that this sweet flower was removed from earth to higher and purer realms before her innocent and pure soul was tarnished by its alloy.

With all our doubts and misgivings, with all our fears as to what may lie in that mysterious realm, toward which all the living are speedily moving, we all feel, we all know, that nothing of harm can come to little Marjorie. To me all Nature, every leaf and bud and blossom, every star that gems the night, every cloud that flecks in the lightning azure of heaven, every waving tree and warbling bird—to me all religions that ever existed, teach that beyond this brief scene of mingled grief and joy, there is land of pure delight, where all the good and pure will live forever. To me, and I am alone in this sentiment, there is no such thing as annihilation in the physical world, and although this little temple of clay which was the home of the bright spirit that has fled, is no longer with us, yet that spirit that once reigned there lives somewhere, and the words of the poet Whittier, in this sad hour

"Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

Physical science only deals with the material, that which we see or hear or feel or touch; but the dark hour there is a science of soul deeper and more divine than all that is taught in schools, which teaches us to look up to that mysterious Soul of the Universe with

an eye of faith and hope and trust, and with feelings of consolation that "all is for the best."

It amounts to nothing that there may be foolish and cruel creeds of religion that pretend to hold the keys of the kingdom that lies beyond. It amounts to nothing that there may be things that seem absurd in all religions. There is a deeper philosophy of soul that teaches us that all these religions are but off-shoots from the Great Source of Infinite Love, corrupted as they traverse the fields of humanity with the dross of earthly vessels, and that back of them all, is the measureless fountain of love, embracing them all, nourishing both their flowers and their thorns, but still in its essence, the same in its nature, as that spirit of love and joy and innocence that actuated this sweet child while she dwelt among us. In hours like this we dive to deeper depths and soar to loftier heights than are taught in our creeds formed by men. With the poet Longfellow, we feel:

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life daisies,
Whose portal we may call death."

"In that great citadel's stillness and seclusion
By guarding angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead."

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."

Not as child shall we again behold her;
For when with rapture wild
In our embraces we again behold her,
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
Beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face."

"And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—"

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

With another poet we may also feel and say:
"We know not where His Islands lift
Their frothed palms in air;
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

We know that the change called death is the portion of all the living, and being a part of this wonderful system called Nature, in hours like this, it is not only the mission of philosophy, but that of religion as well, to be submissive and resigned to the inevitable—to that great law of change implanted in all things, when the morning stars sang together at the birth of creation.

"All that live must die, passing through Nature to Eternity."

With our limited vision in this tabernacle of clay, we cannot see its purpose, nor can we see its end, what changes it brings about in that endless chain of being through which we are passing. Still we can feel even when our hearts are wrung with grief that it must be a blessing and not a curse; in spite of our anguish there comes to us all a "still small voice" which whispers, "All is well."

I believe with all the earnestness of my soul that little Marjorie still lives. Her sweet life is quenched no farther forever, but her pure, bright spirit dwells and acts in a world for which its innocence and purity were better adapted than the sordid, selfish world of care and sorrow.

She is not far from us at this very moment. Let us comfort ourselves with the thought that while our hearts are breeding out our loss, our little darling is in a realm of happiness and joy, and I believe of usefulness, is saved forever from the cares and sorrows of this unkindly world.

I have just been handed two stanzas that her father wrote to Marjorie, when he was on the boundless ocean a year or so ago. Before I read them, let me remark that as her father on the unfathomable ocean, itself an emblem of the Infinite, thought of his little girl at home, and sent his love across the waters and lands to her, may we not feel that the Infinite Father feels and loves his children with a love that passeth understanding. May we not likewise feel that this child, having now embarked on the infinite ocean we called eternity, may send her love to father and mother back from the unknown shore. This, to me is a conviction, in spite of all the doubts and dogmas, the creeds and cruelities, that mark this world of time. Here is the poem:—

MY MARJORIE.

"When I look down in the boundless sea,
A wonderful picture appears to me;
In those haunting depths with surface so fair,
Mysterious things are reflected there;
The low reaching skies of clear azure blue
Are blending with waves of indigo hue;
From light to dark, and from dark to light,
They change and break into snowy white:
A rainbow is nestling beneath each crest,
Like a spirit seeking a haven of rest;
Upward they rise and around they whirl,
As if they were trying to fashion a curl;
Then they dash into spray, and float away,
Like wind-swept locks on a sunshiny day."

But the picture which so plainly I see,
Is the sweet girl face of my Marjorie;
The haunting blue depths in which we glow,
Reflect the mysterious thoughts of her brow;
The dimpled hollows are those in her cheeks,
And her golden tresses the sun's bright streaks;
The blue of the sea and the blue of the skies
Are the lights that blend in her violet eyes;
The rainbow's the spirit reflected there,
The whirl of the waves, the curls of her hair;
The dash and spray of the ocean spray,
Are her locks when thro' them wild winds play;
Yes, I am certain when she first came to me,
She rose right out of the beautiful sea."

Like all things earthly she has come and gone, but as we lay her mortal body in the tomb, let us trust and believe that she herself, her pure and lovely spirit, will be a ministering angel to all the good and true of heaven and earth."

At the close of Prof. Burke's eloquent and touching tribute, Mr. M. J. Cunningham, a warm and intimate friend of the family, and one who loved Marjorie as his own, arose and recited a poem: "Could The Flowers Speak," written by Dr. Wilson several years ago, on the death

of a friend's child. "This poem, said he, 'is appropriate on this occasion, not only because it was written by the father, but suggests itself to me from the presence of the many, rare and beautiful floral pieces in which Marjorie lies embowered.' The poem is as follows:

COULD THE FLOWERS SPEAK.

What a pity the flowers can utter no word!
What a pity no sound from their lips ever stirred!
Could the violet but whisper, the rose but sing,
The honeysuckle murmur the passions of spring,
What stories of heart, and sad and sweet, they could tell,
Since the secrets of lovers they know so well.

What a pity that speech to them is forbid,
When they lie so mute on the coffin lid!
Or when lone o'er the grave their fragrance they shed—
The lonely companions of the dead, dumb dead,
What secrets of love, and of death they would tell,
Could they speak—but, alas! they keep too well.

Following Mr. Cunningham, the Rev. Robert Watson, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, of which Mrs. Wilson is a member, read a chapter from the Bible, and offered a feeling prayer. The service was conducted by Mrs. Winifred Shop, a life-long friend of Dr. Wilson's, and a prominent music instructor of Washington Court House, Ohio. Mrs. Shop closed the services with the rendition of Marjorie's favorite song, the old Scotch ballad, "My Ain Countrie."

Never have I known such funeral so remarkable in some of its features, showing as it did, how in life this child had so endeared herself to many elders, that her dead fingers still clutched compellingly at their heart-strings. Flowers filled the room where she lay, the last offerings of many loving friends. Owing to the contagious character of the disease, only a limited number were permitted to attend the funeral, and those who came were mostly those of middle age, or far advanced in years. None came from curiosity—not a morbid mind was there—but all were drawn together by the magnet of a common sorrow, and young and old together mingled their tears, while a throng of school-children—her playmates and friends, crowded the pavement below.

In her ability to attract and attach to herself the young and the old of every station, Marjorie irresistibly reminded one of Dickens' "Little Nell." And had some American Dickens known her, her name would be immortalized in literature with that of the sweetest character ever delineated by the master of the English narrative.

Marjorie was more to her parents than are most children, and because of the remarkable maturity of her exceptional character, and according to this measure is her loss more great. May they both have strength to bravely meet the unfoldings of the pitiless to-morrows.

Burial was made in Spring Grove Cemetery, during a winter storm, while nature seemed to be weeping from tears in sympathy with human sorrow.

At the grave, Mr. Cunningham said:—
"It is the dear privilege of those gathered here to pay the last tribute to affection and respect to this child, whom we all loved. We now give her back to Mother Earth, a pure, untainted flower, and one as lovely as ever fell into her bosom. To dear little Marjorie, we all say Farewell! Farewell!"

Thus ended the brief chapter of this bright and promising life—an inspiration and a benediction which will perpetuate itself in the ever expanding love of the many hearts she touched with the magic wand of her earthly brightness.

She sleeps well cradled on the breast of the All Kind Mother.
Death is cruel only to those he passes by!

A TRIP TO ROME

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Within the next month, Dr. Wilson's book, "A Trip to Rome," will be completed, and ready to send to subscribers. Since the subscriptions were given over a year ago, many have changed location, and were I to send the book to the address first given, it would not reach them. To be sure that each person will get his book and to avoid all complications, I request that each subscriber write me and give his name and address. Let each one take pains to write name and address plainly. If any book miscarries from wrong address, it will either be lost, or I will have to send postage for its return.

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Of course you are not compelled to send this sum, but I feel that you will not question my right to ask it. When I tell you that the book will be much larger than I contracted for in the first place.

Dr. Wilson intended to write only about 300 pages, but the book will be nearer 400 than 300 pages, and this extra weight will not only cost extra postage, but extra for paper and binding, which is now very high, and extra for printing.

I am sure that the extra expense, which I have hazarded, and the extra pages given you by Dr. Wilson will be worth far more than the 15 cents that I ask for these reasons, you will agree that I am justified in asking it. I am only asking for the extra I am putting in the book of which you get the benefit. Dr. Wilson wouldn't consent to have his book abbreviated, and having begun, insisted on telling his whole story, beginning when he left New York, and ending on his return to that city. Such a book in any bookstore would cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00, and I am sure none of you would take this amount

for your book when you have once read it.

There are about 200 of the original subscribers who have not yet paid for the book. Now that the book is almost ready for binding, and that you are assured of getting it, please remit the \$1.15 at once. Be careful to spell your names and addresses correctly, and give the county as well as state and post office.

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BLUE GRASS BLADE

153 W. Short St., Lexington, Ky.

PATENTS

ANYONE sending a sketch and description of an invention or a new machine, or a new process, or a new article, or a new method, or a new discovery, or a new improvement, or a new combination, or a new arrangement, or a new system, or a new plan, or a new design, or a new model, or a new specimen, or a new sample, or a new exhibit, or a new display, or a new presentation, or a new exhibition, or a new demonstration, or a new experiment, or a new trial, or a new test, or a new proof, or a new evidence, or a new argument, or a new reason, or a new motive, or a new cause, or a new effect, or a new result, or a new conclusion, or a new finding, or a new discovery, or a new invention, or a new creation, or a new production, or a new manufacture, or a new article, or a new commodity, or a new article, or a new product, or a new service, or a new business, or a new enterprise, or a new venture, or a new project, or a new plan, or a new scheme, or a new design, or a new model, or a new specimen, 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By Josephine K. Henry.

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A voice in public affairs is the right of every citizen, and this right rests on the bed rock principle of our government. Yet half our people, the most moral half, are still in political bonds.

All others failing, the last objection is that "Women do not want to vote." It is true that the mass of women do not and why? Men have to tell them that they are not concerned with the rights which they call "woman's sphere." The two hardest worked words in the lexicon are "Woman's Sphere." They have been doing constant duty ever since Adam opened the world to the public, but women who think are retiring them from active service. Millions of women have lived drawn and unattractive lives because they have been pursuing the "Woman's Sphere" on where did man get his commission to bound woman's sphere? Man has no sphere. He can do anything or go anywhere, and never get out of his sphere.

Suppose that women in past years had ruled the world and held men in subjection as was the case in the days of the matriarchate? Would the masses of men be demanding that the ballot to-day? Certainly not. History records no instance where a subjugated class demanded their liberty. A few intrepid souls have fought liberally for the rights of women, but they have always been unthinking, stolid, silent, and subservient. This is the condition of American women, that is the masses, to-day. They are oblivious to the fact, that the national political parties are organized to oppress and oppressors. They are not interested in their personal and property interests. Men have told women that it is unwomanly to investigate and discuss political and social questions and when they confine themselves to domestic duties, they are told they call them weak, frivolous, and silly. Men who hold the purse, and make the laws have told women that voting is exclusively a masculine prerogative, and then declare that when women demand the ballot it will be granted.

The women in our country who are openly demanding the ballot are called the strong minded sisterhood, then logically the women who do not want the ballot, must belong to the weak minded sisterhood. How do our conservative sisters like the classification?

are principally run by women.

In Kentucky convicted criminals and women are alone excluded from the ballot box. Male idiots, paupers, libertines, drunkards, and illiterates may vote, but no native-born, law-

The street scavenger and the boot-black are of vastly more importance on election day than all the women in the State.

me of the community would put good behind the bars. Besides there is no law that compels all classes to vote at the same place. If women had the ballot, they could have their own polling places, and if they did, it is a deed certain that they would be so orderly and attractive that all the good and decent men would edge around to the woman's polls leaving the ringsters, rowdies and ruffians in possession of the masculine voting places. It is strange that women should be afraid of men on election day, when they are constant companions of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons the other 364 days in the year.

ation in Congress and our State Legislatures, all our supreme Judges, and a number that are not supreme, cripples, weaklings, and mental and physical defectives would be disfranchised at once, and placed in the political company of lunatics, idiots, criminals, and women, and to these would be added the men that are afraid to fight, and the hosts of Dr. Osler's incompetents who are over 40 years of age. President Roosevelt would lose his vote because he is 45 years old, past the age for enlisting in the army. Millions of men have no intention of going to war and the clergy are ex-

How is it that great business men have time to carry on political campaigns, hold conventions, march in processions (Americans are daft on marching in uniforms), attending edges, conclaves, military camps, going fishing and hunting, and going on

Of course there is something depressing in the Irish woman's objection to casting a ballot. She said to her friend, " Bridget, if we'd go out votin' we'd have to be magistrates, and judges, and such like ould molefactors, and they'd even make city councilmen of us, and then where'd be our character? O Bridget! God save us from votin'. For as sure as the blessed sun rolls, it will land us in the State house or Congress, and then what'll become of our souls?

Suppose that the next legislature of Kentucky should enact a law that all women with blue eyes should be hung, that all women with black eyes should be sent to the penitentiary, and all women with gray eyes should turn over their property to the State! Let me ask how many women could protect their "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," without the halloo?

To the women who do not want to vote, let me say there is nothing compulsory about it. Voters are not lashed and taken to the polls, they vote or do not vote as their convictions or interest dictate.

The very fact that men say that when women want the ballot they will grant it, is a full admission of its justice, and the with-holding of it does not display much feith in the assertion that women do not want to vote.

Versailles, Kentucky.

4.1. *Установление цели и задачи, формулировка*

All those who like my style of writing, are sure will be pleased with the book. I have not departed in the least from my usual style of expression, just simply rattled it off. In fact, it is no attempt to write a book, but rather it is a long letter to my friends, describing my trip. It was mostly written in my hushed hours. I do not remember a time when I wrote longer than ten or fifteen minutes on it, without being disturbed. I would liked to have re-written it, but it is probably better just as it is. If I had tried right hard to exhibit the possession of an extra stock of brain matter, I doubt if it would have been much, if any better; so I've just let it go as I wrote it without re-writing a page.

But in A Trip to Rome, I go not only as deep into the past, but deal equally with the people of to-day, and present day problems, I do not believe Old Rome has ever been written up as I have written it. What I have said of Rome alone would make a book of itself, and worth more than the price of this book. One chapter of 380 pages deals alone with the churches of Rome. Another "Round about Rome" takes in a general description with that of all the Pagan Ruins, Catacombs, etc. Another, and the most important, informs you of "How Christianity got its start in

All the way through, from first to last, I lay before you one continuous panorama, of sea, country, mountain, river, city, church, art, manufacture, old historical places, ruins, agriculture, history, biography, anecdote, incidents of travel, social conditions, education, and a thousand miscellaneous things of interest.

Brother seems Armstrong of Texas, lately paid me a visit, and my description of the Torture Rooms, and of the Dungeon and Execution Rooms in the Doges Palace, gave him the shiver, and he said he couldn't sleep that night. I spent part of an afternoon alone in the dungeon of the Doge, in what is called the "Cell of the Doomed," and from which thousands upon thousands had languished, and taken out to be executed.

The book will have 23 chapters and between 350 and 400 pages. I hope the edition will all be taken up. Mr. Hughes is printing 2000 copies, and he will lose, if they are not sold. Send your order to him at once. When you get the book, if you like it, and can afford it, buy one for some one else, who will appreciate it. Let the orders come rolling in. The season is now on, when you have to hug the tree, and stay in at nights and have time for reading. Come, go with me, and let us take "A Trip to Rome". Send \$1.35 to James E. Hughes, Lexington, Ky.

That Few Realize It, Says Dr. Washington Gladden—What the New Movement Means.

What shall we say about the influence which has so changed the mental and moral attitude of great multitudes of people? What has been changing place? Things that we are in the midst of a great revival and reformation. The things that our country has ever experienced. It has not taken on the usual form; it has not been conducted in the traditional way, but it is the genuine thing; it is the very thing that is needed. When great multitudes are standing before the problem of life, confessing that they have failed, and are looking for redemption from what once it had, that things which they were once eagerly craving have lost much of their charm; and that things which they once lightly regarded have come to see them as the things, what can we say of them? That they have "met with a change," that they have become desirable, and it is a good one to describe, what is really meant by conversion.

Comment—Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, is one of the noted men in America, and his opinions upon any subject is always worth noting. He is a liberal preacher, and far from being a bigot. He speaks out boldly in defense of labor, and against the abuses of corporations. Unfortunately his influence is greatly offset, by his association and alliance with an organization, itself in league with the corporations. The church could not do so long without the aid of the money it is deriving directly and in-

In the above Dr. Gladden makes a mistake natural to all religionists that is that the reforma which he receives to be coming so gradually of a religious nature. He declares that the present drift is to live not for the next life, but to make this life a better life, and this world a better world.

Here is a publication that will bring sure satisfaction to every Freethinker and give him new pride in the propaganda of Liberalism. In the list of contributors are numerous names familiar to Blade readers, including

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